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Zion's Herald.

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THE OUTLOOK.

Among the signs of new life in old Spain is the proposal to bring Cuba into cable communication with the mother country. The undertaking will probably involve merely the connection of the Canaries with Porto Rico by submarine wire, that being the missing but expensive link. It will be a nice thing for Spain doubtless, but oppressed Cuba may demur against closer relations with her tyrannical mistress.

Opportunity will be given to test the progress of the colored people since the war—those of them at least who dwell in two adjacent counties in Kentucky and Tennessee—by a unique enterprise of their own. They have formed a stock company, with a capital of \$25,000, for the purpose of holding a fair. None but the products of their own industry will be exhibited, and none but those of their own race will be permitted to compete for premiums. The fair will be held in the second week of October, on the Guthrie Park Fair grounds.

Italy has succeeded in her African aspirations. The death of King John of Abyssinia, and the accession of Menelik, the powerful ruler of Shoa, to the vacant throne, has paved the way for Italian influence as no war could have done. A treaty has just been concluded by which the new king accepts the protectorate of Italy over the whole territory of Abyssinia and Shoa, and acknowledges Italian sovereignty over Massowah on the Red Sea, and Keren and Amharah in the Abyssinian highlands. This is a rich prize for King Humbert's government.

The cotton crop of this country for the present season has not fallen behind the wonderful figures of last year. The large total, in round numbers, is seven million bales. No glut in the market is anticipated, however. The rate of consumption keeps up with even this extraordinary supply. Statistics show a steady growth in popularity of cotton fabrics both at home and abroad. This growth in the South during the past four years exceeds that in the North by about 30 per cent.—an increase that is probably due to the large number of new mills erected in that part of the country.

There is a salt lake in East Africa in the Shoa country, several days' march inland from the Bay of Tadjoura. Its surface is 375 feet below the Indian Ocean, and its waters are intensely saline. Despite constant evaporation its level is maintained, though no streams were ever known to flow into it. Its salt has been offered for sale far and wide through East Africa. At last the secret of its briny source has been discovered. Three little brooks have been found, flowing evidently from the Bay of Tadjoura, and emptying their saline waters into the low-lying basin. Lake Assal, walled in by precipices and mountains, with waters heavier than those of the Dead Sea, is only a little nook or hiding-place of the Indian Ocean.

That English capital has been strongly attracted to this country of late with the view to investment in some of our most profitable industries, has been apparent to every one who reads the daily papers. Grain elevators, flouring-mills and breweries have been the favorite properties, and some of the most valuable of these have already changed hands. Some \$500,000, 000 have been expended to acquire these industries, and no business has been bargained for which had not paid at least 12 1/2 per cent. a year for the past five years. The purchasing syndicates, whose agents have been operating with the utmost secrecy, are said to be the City Contract Company of London, with a capital of \$50,000,000, and the Trustees and Executors Company of the same city, with a capital of \$37,500,000. The president of the latter is the present Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Isaacs.

It was a venturesome scheme, and as it turns out, a disappointing one—that of diverting the waters of the Feather River in Butte County, Cal., through a tunnel cut through the mountain, for the purpose of exposing the rich gold deposits supposed to be lying in its gravelly bed. The tunnel was begun seven years ago, and has been completed at a cost, with the dams, of \$2,000,000. The river bed was drained, but, alas! for the hopes of those who had invested their money in the enterprise, the gold, if there is any, lies beneath huge boulders, the removal of which is too expensive to be undertaken. The enterprise is a confessed failure, the money put into it is a "dead loss," and the Big Bend Tunnel and Mining Company has jolied the sad procession of visionary and hopeless projects which have tempted so many with the dream of fabulous wealth and then crushed them with disappointment.

Arizona's famous prehistoric relic—the Casa Grande—is to be repaired and preserved, Congress having appropriated \$2,000 for the purpose. This curious ruin is built of large blocks of concrete (made of gravel, sand and cement) 420 feet long by 260 deep. The material closely resembles the granolithic used at the present day in Washington and other cities. The principal structure is 66 feet long by 43 broad, and four stories high. The walls, inside and out, are hard finished, and the inside color is a pleasing buff. Four of the rooms are intact, the largest 34 feet by 9. The highest story has almost disappeared, and the lowest is filled with debris and drifting sand. Rattle-hunters have despoiled the wooden beams on which the floors were laid. It is supposed that the building was once the palace of the king or chief who governed the primitive Americans long before the period of either Aztec or Toltec. The numerous mounds in the vicinity are suggestive of a large population and busy industries in a period far remote, of which no record has come down to us.

China moves slowly in the matter of railroads, she moves. She has but 86 1/2 miles thus far laid down—between Tien-tsin and Taku—and eight months ago the government stopped work suddenly upon an extension of this road to Tung-chow because the censors charged to the malign influence of this new railway a destructive fire which broke out in the imperial palace. It seemed for the time as though the project was doomed. But the Emperor was induced to consult with the viceroys of his provinces, and from two of them at least—the viceroy of Canton and the governor of Formosa—he received opinions so strongly favorable to railroad construction that he has recently issued a decree directing that work shall be begun at once upon a road 700 miles long, to connect Peking with Hankow, 500 miles up the Yangtze. These termini were selected to keep the road in the interior, so as not to be easily seized by an enemy. Within a dozen years other roads will be laid down, and China will easily outstrip her more progressive neighbor—Japan—which has lately celebrated the completion of 1,600 miles of iron road by a banquet.

The Utah Commission has submitted its report to Secretary Noble. The commissioners declare that while polygamy is no longer openly practiced, it is still taught by the church as a saving ordinance, and that those who practice it are assured of a higher exaltation in heaven than those who content themselves with a single wife. They quote the Gentile belief that plural marriages continue to be secretly solemnized, but add, "This may or may not be true." The number of convictions for unlawful cohabitation during the past year has been 357. The commissioners recommend, among other things, increased and more stringent penalties, the suppression of Mormon immigration, the denial to polygamists of the right to take up public lands, the punishment of women for voluntarily entering into this forbidden relation, the refusal of Statehood to the Territory, and the passage of a constitutional amendment forever forbidding polygamy.

A stable government is assured in France now that the results of the recent elections are known. The opponents of the republic did their best by various combinations to overturn the existing status, but they have been effectually beaten. The Boulangists are reduced to a petty faction. The votes cast for the General in Montmartre have been declared null and void, and the seat has been given to the candidate who had the next highest number of votes. The ballots cast for Henri Rochefort in Belleville have also been nullified. The precise complexion of the new Chamber of Deputies cannot be determined until the results of the second ballots are known, but there is no question but that the government has passed its crisis successfully, and will have a good working majority. "The existing régime in France," says the New York Tribune, "has already enjoyed a longer lease of life than any other for a hundred years; and it is an event of happy omen that on the very anniversary of the proclamation of the First Republic, it should have secured a renewal of that lease in such emphatic terms and in such a dignified and worthy manner."

Difficulties of the most serious kind confront the managers of the New York movement for locating the proposed World's Fair in that city. The financial hitch may be gotten over by such offers as that of Editor Pulitzer of \$100,000 each for "an immediate guarantee fund of \$2,500,000." When capitalists are assured that New York will be designated by Congress as the place for holding the Exhibition, money will not be lacking. But the insuperable difficulty thus far has been in the selection of the site. The one chosen by the committee—on the North River just above Central Park and including a part of it, together with Morningside and Riverside Parks, and a large area of half-improved land—though every way desirable, proves to be hardly practicable. Central Park is protected against the contemplated despoliation by a law forbidding its use for any alien purpose. And even if it were not, the sequestration of 200 acres of it for Exposition buildings "would involve," in the opinion of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, its designer, "a devastation that could never be repaired." Further, the 400 or 500 acres north of the Park are owned by between six and seven hundred persons, who would not dispose of their property to the city except at a cost of several millions of dollars. It is highly important, however, that the question should be settled satisfactorily before Congress meets. Our Metropolitan city must demonstrate her ability to meet every needed requirement if she would win the prize.

torily before Congress meets. Our Metropolitan city must demonstrate her ability to meet every needed requirement if she would win the prize.

JOE.

BY E. F. GROVER.

The minister brought the paper in, and read it out to me:
"Twas the first bit of a telegraph my old eyes ever set;
"I've some news for you," he said, and he said it very slow—
A telegram, he called it. "It's something about your Joe."

Joe was always a good boy, and I felt proud and glad,
For I was sure that news from him couldn't be anything bad;
So I gave the pastor a chair, and then called my old wife in,
And told the romping children to stop their noisy din.

Women, somehow, are quicker'n men to know when news is bad;
She looked scared, and then she said, "Anything wrong with the lad?"
Then I spoke kinder sharp, "Why, mother, you ought to know
There couldn't be anything wrong with such a boy as Joe;

The ink on the last letter he writ us I am sure is hardly dry—
But just looked in the minister's face and then began to cry.
I surely ought to know better, for though I'm gray and old,
And profess to be a Christian, I started to rave and scold.

"Wife, you seem to have lost your senses! A person that didn't know,
Would think there was something bad to be expected from Joe.
In all the time we've had him, for more than twenty years,
He never yet did anything to fill our eyes with tears."

"And he never will, my friend," the minister spoke low,
And I held my breath and waited for him to strike the blow.
He didn't want to hurt us, but he did it all the same—
I'll tell you in a minute just how our trouble came.

Our crops last year was lightish, and Joe, our old-est son,
One night when supper was over, and all our chores was done,
And we was all a-settin' around the kitchen fire—
He was near his mother, and he drew his chair still nigher,
And he held her trembling fingers, and said still nigher,
"It always seemed to me that she loved that boy the best!"

Then he begun to whistle, till at last he managed to say,
"Little mother, I've found work, and I'll soon be goin' away."

It's no use for me to tell you, because you wouldn't know
How we and all the neighbors hated to have him go.

But he wrote such merry letters, 'twould do you good to see,
Full of little lovin' messages to all the children and me.

He was workin' on the railroad, 'way up the West-ern line,
"Makin' no end of money, and the work he liked it fine."

One day they sent him up on the roof of a big snow-shed;
He slipped somehow—that's all! They telegraphed,
"He is dead."

His mother? She goes about in a quiet, hopeless way,
With a look in her face that hushes the children at their play;

The hardest thing of all, and the hardest thing to tell,
His body is down, 'way down, in the gully where he fell.

The parson says, "What does it matter where his poor bruised body is,
When we know that the part we loved is in realms of endless bliss?"

And he tries his best to lighten our heavy load of woe—
Yet still, in the gloom of the cliff, we grope for our lost boy, Joe.

PREACHING TO THE PHYSICAL MAN.
BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES, the eminent English Methodist, says, in one of his sermons: "I have no disembodied souls in my congregation." This trenchant remark was uttered by way of criticism of that sort of preaching which addresses itself solely to the spiritual man, leaving out of account the body with its peculiar needs, its appetites, its evil habits, its inherited tendencies, its faults, failings and weaknesses of every sort. The remark is full of force; the subject is timely. Never, perhaps, was there a time when the tendency among preachers was so strong and so general as at present, to address themselves to the spiritual part of their congregations—to the hypothetical disembodied soul which Dr. Hughes speaks of.

This tendency is the product of several factors, which we must content ourselves with merely mentioning. One of them is the prevalence of a higher culture among both ministers and congregations. This seems to prompt to a more lofty range of thought and discussion than was customary a generation ago. Another factor is the growing spirituality among the young people in our churches. Still another is the popular demand for what is known as "fine" or "elegant" preaching. All these things are direct inducements to the pastor to select spiritual themes for his discourses. It has come to seem almost coarse or undignified for a minister to "preach down" to the carnal element in his congregation. Plain, practical talk about the human body—why, that is the province of the doc-

tors, the modern minister seems to be saying by his silence on such topics.

And yet no fact can be more evident than that the body and soul are so knit together as to be practically one. The body is, in a sense, the glove of the soul. There is a likeness, a conformity between them which this illustration exactly expresses. When we come, in heaven, to discern with the spiritual eye alone, we shall recognize the immortal hand from its conformity to the material glove. Christ emphasized this close and intimate connection of the body and the soul. Christianity exalts the body as no other religion does—makes it the very temple of the indwelling Divine Spirit.

To neglect, therefore, so important a component part of man, must be indeed a grave and serious fault on the part of the preachers. It implies a total disregard of some very vital facts. Man is a two-fold creature. The body is to rise from the grave and co-exist with the spirit. These two portions of our being are constantly acting and re-acting upon each other, in the present life. Each of them has a distinct and very strong influence upon the counterpart. The body left to itself, its carnal appetites, passions, tendencies, is forever dragging down the soul, like a leaden weight about the neck of a swimmer. The soul aspires, but it cannot raise an unwilling body. The very first requirement of the Christian life is the regeneration of the body. Unless that be born anew, no man can be redeemed.

Let the preacher ponder these facts. They are as essential to homiletics as the rocks that rib the earth. Preach to the body. Preach it down—and up. Preach purity, preach cleanliness, preach health, preach temperance. Preach muscular Christianity, preach an unapproachable manhood. Preach simplicity of life, hardihood, endurance. Preach the conservation of vital energy. Preach Biblical hygiene. The Bible abounds in texts that themselves were preached to the body. Remember that your congregations are not composed of disembodied souls. "Angels in the Catholic mythology have nothing but heads," says Balzac. Let it not be said by some carping critic that saints in the Protestant churches have nothing but souls.

And let it be remembered that in preaching to the body the minister does not neglect the spiritual welfare of his congregations. A good, forcible sermon preached to the body will glance into the soul like a refracted beam of light.

THE STATUS OF THE WOMAN QUESTION TO-DAY.

BY ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

THE "woman question" is a term the meaning of which varies according to latitude and longitude. In India, it is the question whether women may safely be taught to read, and whether it is right for widows to re-marry. The great majority of Hindus, both men and women, still answer both these questions emphatically in the negative. It has been impressed upon the average Hindu matron that an educated woman is a monstrosity, and that a truly womanly character is incompatible with a knowledge of the alphabet. Hence, as Ramsay tells us in her painful little book, "The High-Caste Hindu Woman," when any progressive Hindu proposes to educate his daughter, it is very common for the women of his family to threaten to commit suicide. In China, the woman question is in its most rudimentary stage. It has not yet gone beyond the discussion whether a woman may stand on her own feet, not in the metaphorical but in the literal sense. The only woman's rights association yet organized in that country is "The Heavenly Foot Society," recently formed by a few Chinese women to oppose the binding of women's feet. In Madagascar, at present, the woman question relates to the kind of instrument with which a husband may beat his wife. According to a recent newspaper paragraph, the women have scored a point by securing an ordinance that a man who wishes to chastise his wife must refrain from the use of dray-stakes and clubs, and must confine himself to the regulation whip.

Not only does the woman question vary according to latitude and longitude, but its meaning in any given place changes with the lapse of time. In Dean Swift's day, the woman question in England related chiefly to the education of girls. He asked a number of gentlemen whether they did not think it might be a good thing for a woman to receive a sufficient amount of education to enable her to read books of history and travels, and to appreciate "the more obvious beauties of poetry"—it being assumed as a matter of course that its more subtle beauties would be beyond her comprehension. This educational programme seems sufficiently moderate, yet the Dean found most of the persons whom he questioned decidedly opposed to it, on the ground that such a degree of education would make women conceited and disobedient to their husbands. In America the state of things was not much better. As a recent writer has said:—

"One hundred years ago, girls were not allowed to attend any of the public schools of the country, to say nothing of the colleges. In 1788 it was voted in town-meeting in Northampton, Mass., not 'to be at any expense for the schooling of girls.' In Hartford, where the founder of what is now Smith College was born and buried, the only privilege which girls possessed less than a hundred years ago was to sit on the door-step of the school-house and hear the boys read and recite their lessons. Less than a century ago the laws of Massachusetts did not recognize a woman as a teacher in the public schools. When the first high school for girls was opened in Boston, in 1825, there was such a great outcry against the innovation, and so many girls applied for admission, that the school was abandoned, and was not again attempted until 1833. In 1835 the school committee of Concord, Mass., passed a resolution that 'from the first day of December to the first day of April, no misses under ten years of age shall attend school in the centre of the town; nor any over the age of ten years where

there are forty male scholars attending the school."

By and by it was asked whether it was necessarily unbecoming for a woman to write a book. The public verdict was adverse. The genial Charles Lamb only expressed the general opinion when he declared that "a woman who lets herself be known as an author invites disrespect." Until about forty years ago it was an unheard-of thing that a woman should wish to be a physician. At Edinburgh the lady students were mobbed, and a woman who sought to study medicine was everywhere an object of anger and derision to men and of horror to other women. About the same time arose the question whether a woman might speak in public. A few devoted women were determined to speak, because their hearts burned within them on the subject of human slavery, and they felt that they must deliver their message or die. The persecution they underwent was something extraordinary. Abby Kelley, a saintly young Quakeress, and the sisters Sarah and Angelina Grimké, bore the brunt of it; but all the earlier women speakers had their share. That a woman should stand on a platform before an assembly of people and address them, was regarded as something unwomanly and monstrous to the last degree. They were pelted with rotten eggs, and with epithets even more unsavory than the eggs. Going to church in a strange place, Abby Kelley found herself the subject of the sermon, which the minister preached from the text: "And now this Jezabel is come among us also." When Lucy Stone was to deliver an antislavery lecture in Malden, Mass., the local minister announced the fact in the following words: "I am requested to give notice that a hen will attempt to crow like a cock in the town hall this afternoon at five o'clock. Those who want to hear such music will of course attend."

The meaning of the woman question has changed greatly since those days. With the lectures at Oxford and Cambridge open to women, and with the girls taking their full share of the honors, the question of education for women in England may be regarded as virtually settled, even though the venerable universities still decline to grant women degrees, furnishing them instead with a certificate to the effect that they have passed the examinations and would be entitled to degrees if they were men. In America, Montreal in the north and Georgia in the south are still solemnly discussing the possibility and safety of co-education, as if experience had not settled the matter long ago. Still, taking the country over, it is no longer a question whether it is safe to give women education enough to enable them to appreciate "the more obvious beauties of poetry." The woman physician also has conquered her place. Women as preachers are building up decayed churches both in the East and in the West; and a few Sundays ago Rev. Anna H. Shaw, a graduate of the Boston University Theological School, preached at Grimsby Park with great acceptance to a congregation of six thousand persons. It is already possible to apply to many women preachers the infallible test, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The results of their ministry show that they have the ordination which comes from the Holy Ghost, although the lesser ordination which comes from men is still withheld from them. After forty years of effort, the laws relating to the property rights of married women have been largely remodeled in the interests of equity and common-sense. The battle for the right of women to speak in public has been fought and won. To-day the most active "remonstrants" against woman suffrage deliver lectures and read papers before mixed audiences, without a suspicion that they are doing anything unwomanly. They even come before the Legislature and make public speeches to prove that a woman's place is at home. It is a striking illustration of the march of progress:—

"Where the vanguard rests to-day
The rear shall camp to-morrow."

A multiplicity of trades and occupations have also been opened to women, in lieu of the three to which they were restricted not many years ago. In all these lines something yet remains to be done. The woman who wishes to practice medicine, or to preach, or to obtain a collegiate education, or to earn her living by any kind of labor outside of the household, still finds more difficulties to contend with than she would meet if she were a man. Nevertheless, in all these fields, the back of the opposition is broken. The tendency everywhere is to abandon the effort to restrict "woman's sphere" by law, and to recognize the truth of the principle laid down by John Stuart Mill: "What women by nature cannot do, it is quite superfluous to forbid them from doing. What they can do, but not so well as the men who are their competitors, competition suffices to exclude them from." To-day when people speak of the "woman question" they mean the woman suffrage question.

We are often told that, while the woman's rights movement has made great strides in the matter of education, property rights, admission to trades and professions, etc., the woman suffrage movement per se has made no progress at all, but is perhaps less advanced to-day than it was twenty-five years ago. Look at the facts. Twenty-five years ago, women, with insignificant exceptions, could not vote anywhere. To-day they have school suffrage in fourteen States, full suffrage in Wyoming, municipal suffrage in Kansas, and municipal suffrage (single women and widows) throughout England, Scotland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, and the British colonies in Australia. Slowly but surely the common-sense of the world is evidently working around to a belief in suffrage for women. An ounce of experiment is worth a ton of theory. Therefore, instead of going over the well-worn arguments on the question, it may be better worth our while to review the results of woman suffrage where it has been tried.

In England, women have had municipal suffrage for the last twenty years. Mr. Gladstone says that they have exercised it "without detriment, and with great advantage." Reading the debates in the House of Commons year by year on the question of admitting women to Parliamentary suffrage, we find it habitually taken for granted, both by friends and opponents, that municipal suffrage has proved unobjectionable. The advocates of the measure say, in substance: "We are all agreed that women ought to have municipal suffrage; no harm has resulted from it; and they ought to have Parliamentary suffrage on the same principles." The opponents answer: "Municipal suffrage is all very well, but Parliamentary suffrage is another thing altogether, and would be sure to subvert the foundations of society." The Englishwomen who recently remonstrated in the Nineteenth Century against Parliamentary suffrage, acknowledge that the limited suffrage already bestowed upon women has done no harm, and has even had a beneficial effect on women's character. Whether we do or do not agree with these ladies in their effort to show that Parliamentary suffrage is something wholly different in principle, it is interesting to have the testimony of the most conservative women in England to the fact that municipal woman suffrage has had only good results.

In Wyoming, women have had full suffrage since 1869. It has done good, not because the women have contributed any new or wonderful discoveries in the line of statesmanship, but because woman suffrage has made it necessary for both parties to nominate good men for office if they hope to elect them. Ex-Chief Justice Fisher of Wyoming says:—

"I wish I could show the people who are so exercised on the subject of female suffrage, just how it works. The women watch the nominating conventions, and if the Republicans put a bad man on their ticket and the Democrats a good one, the Republican women do not hesitate a moment in scratching off the bad and substituting the good. It is just so with the Democrats. Hence we nearly always have a mixture of office-holders. I have seen the effects of female suffrage, and instead of being a means of encouragement to fraud and corruption, it tends greatly to purify elections and give better government."

Mrs. L. W. Smith, superintendent of schools for Carbon Co., Wyo., says:—

"A woman is more apt to work for the individual than for party. If a candidate is not correct in character, the entire feminine vote is against him, irrespective of party. This fact renders it a necessity for each party to nominate good men, or their defeat is a foregone conclusion."

The editor of the New York Observer is opposed to woman suffrage. He wanted some strong testimony against it, and wrote to a lady of his acquaintance in Wyoming, the wife of a United States judge, and a leading member of the Presbyterian Church, asking her to write an account of the practical workings of woman suffrage for his paper. She replied:—

"I came to Wyoming three years ago from Missouri, and brought with me fully the usual amount of conservatism; and I regard it with peculiar satisfaction the idea of woman's entering the political arena. My observations have materially modified my views upon this subject. The women of Wyoming, and especially the better class, as highly prize and as generally exercise the right of suffrage as do the men. The women are less governed by party considerations than men, and both political parties have come to recognize the necessity of nominating their best men, or at least not nominating bad men, if they desire to succeed. The women hold the balance of power, and the politicians know it. Since my residence here, more than one instance has come under my own observation where corrupt or immoral men have been defeated in their efforts to secure positions of high public trust, and it has been generally conceded that this defeat is attributable to the direct influence of woman suffrage."

Hon. J. W. Kingman, for four years a judge of the United States Supreme Court in Wyoming, says:—

"It is very common now, in considering the availability of an aspirant for office, to ask, 'How does he stand with the ladies?' Frequently the man set aside certain applicants for office, because their characters would not stand the criticism of women. The women manifest a great deal of independence in their preference for candidates, and have frequently defeated bad nominations. Our best and most cultivated women vote, and vote understandingly and independently, and they cannot be bought with whiskey, or blinded by party prejudice. They are making themselves felt at the polls, as they do everywhere else in society, by a quiet but effectual discountenance of the bad, and a helping hand for the good and the true."

Hon. Francis G. Warren, the present governor of Wyoming, says:—

"Our women consider much more carefully than our men the character of candidates, and both political parties have found themselves obliged to nominate their best men in order to obtain the support of the women. Our women nearly all vote, and since in Wyoming, as elsewhere, the majority of women are good and not bad, the result is good and not evil."

Governors of Territories and judges of the United States courts are appointed by the President, not elected by the people. They are not dependent on the votes of the women, hence their testimony is impartial.

In Kansas, where municipal suffrage was extended to women three years ago, the general results have been similar. Chief Justice Horton, of Kansas, said, a few weeks since:—

"I can state from experience and observation that (municipal) woman suffrage, which was recently conferred upon the women of this State by the Legislature, is satisfactory in its results in every respect."

The two associate justices of the Kansas Supreme Court concur in this opinion. Judge Valentine says:—

"The result has been eminently beneficial and successful. Their votes have generally been cast on the right side, and in favor of good officers and good government. None of the predicted evils, and no evils, that I am aware of, have resulted. When it is known that women may vote at city elections if they choose, only the names of fairly good men or fairly good women will be presented for office, for, as a rule, only such can be elected."

Judge Johnston says:—

"The results have been highly beneficial. In consequence, our elections are more orderly, a higher class of officers are chosen, and we have cleaner and stronger city governments."

The Attorney General of Kansas, L. B. Kellogg, says:—

"So far as I am able to learn, the votes of the women in our cities, under the municipal suffrage act, have upon the whole been in the interest of good order, good morals, and a prudent and intelligent city government. I think the better class of our citizens, without regard to party, have arrived at this conclusion."

(Concluded next week.)

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2, 1889.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.]

On the first page, "The Status of the Woman Question to-day" is ably and comprehensively defined by Alice Stone Blackwell, who is peculiarly qualified by training and associations to discuss this important subject in all its bearings. The conclusion of the article will appear next week.

"Preaching to the Physical Man," is a pertinent and needed word by James Buchanan on an unacknowledged theme.

The tender, homely grieving of the old man for his lost boy "Joe," in Mrs. Grover's pathetic poem, will dim many eyes with tears.

Prof. H. G. Mitchell, of Boston University, in a cogent article on "Biblical Criticism," on page 2, calls attention to the proper attitude of believers in the Bible towards its critics.

The second and concluding paper of Dr. William McDonald's interesting historical sketch of "William Black and His Ministry in Boston," appears in this issue.

"Haze" furnishes another "Springfield Letter," containing Methodist news and notes from that city and vicinity.

"A Flight to Canada" is taken, and entertainingly described, by Rev. W. T. Perrin, of Lowell.

"Manhattan's ray 'New York Letter,'" on page 4, and the various Cincinnati correspondence of "X. O. Bus," on page 3, will not fail to secure interested readers.

With a loving hand, Mrs. J. B. Hill outlines the life of the late revered Horatio Bonar, D. D., under whose ministry she was converted and received into the church.

The little people will be charmed with Miss Backus's story of "Golden Hair."

Several batches of left-over church news, from various districts, received too late for the last issue, find place after the Sunday-school Notes on page 3.

COME.

The Gospel is an invitation. The table is spread with the rarest bounties; the fountain of life and healing is open; all things are ready. The sinner has nothing to do in making the provision; Christ has provided and met the bill. All He asks of the sinner is acceptance; the surrender of himself and the taking of what Christ has to bestow. To you, fellow sinner, is this offer made—the offer of free and full salvation. The final utterance of the New Testament is the proffer of this invitation, in which Christ and His people join: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." No one need despair; no one need hesitate. You may be poor, halt, blind; your services may be of the poorest; no matter. You will never succeed on merit; but you may come freely, without money or price. Come just as you are to One who is mighty and able to save—To One inviting you to come. If you neglect such an offer, what excuse can you bear to the throne of judgment? What plea can you make?

MARTINET DRILL.

A practice has grown upon our churches in the conduct of religious meetings that is objectionable and harmful. It is the custom according to the effort of some of our faithful ministers to force a public expression of spiritual status, intent and resolve from our worshipping assemblies. With some good men it has become a sort of martinet drill with which every religious service must close. A ministerial gage is publicly applied, and thus an inquisitorial confessional is instituted.

There are many and serious objections to this practice when pressed with such urgency. It is an invasion of individual prerogative and of the rights of conscience. They that Christ makes free shall be free indeed, and no human thrall should be laid upon personal religious liberty.

The most injurious result, however, is seen in the fact that such a procedure develops insincerity in purpose and life. The membership of the church, for instance, is repeatedly asked to make a most solemn promise to perform a specific act, and then by lifting of hands or by standing the resolve is made. The request may be reasonable or unreasonable, possible or impossible, but the demand is so made that not to respond favorably seems to indicate unfaithfulness, and so all pledge to do what there may not be any real purpose of doing. There is no process more likely to work degeneracy of moral life than frequent pressure in such direction. Pledges that should be most sacred come to be considered as of little or no binding force. Such a system works confusion of the moral sense, distorts the conscience, and actually cultivates insincerity. Particular harm is done to young Christians by such methods. When this practice is generally introduced as a part of every social service, it becomes formal and artificial, an irksome routine without spiritual life, an effort to work by certain mechanical processes what can only be wrought by the Holy Spirit upon the individual soul. Much time is thus consumed, the congregation is wearied, and the good impressions already made are largely dissipated.

Our words are not applied to the altar service when properly used, with the glad and earnest hope of persuading the seeker after a Christian life to the point of decision, or to bring the church to a sense of deepened consecration. Our suggestions relate to the needless repetitions and misuse of practices which in themselves and in wise use are excellent. Eminent men in the ministry and laity have voiced to us an emphatic protest against such official examination and pressure. It is time, therefore, that heretofore restraint be exercised upon a custom

that has become excessive and often baneful.

A LACK OF MORAL DYNAMICS.

Various correspondents have, within the past few weeks, set forth in these columns the apparent insufficiency of Christianity to meet the social problems of the age; and the question has been variously asked: Why is it that our religion, so full of abiding power, so rich in the promises of divine help, so thoroughly equipped with all the practical machinery of reform, and including in its ranks so many men of intellectual power and distinguishing wealth and influence—why is it that the Christian religion is proving itself incapable an agent in the conversion of the world to Christ?

The answer to the question, we think, is simple and evident enough, if we look at the matter practically and candidly.

Here we Christians are with the mightiest engine for good at our command that the world ever knew. We have a divine Leader and the divine sanction upon our God-given work. We have a body of moral and spiritual truth which is manifestly supernatural in its origin, and which not only embodies the most complete and perfect code of ethics ever formulated, but furnishes an answer to all the deepest yearnings, all the loftiest aspirations, all the fondest hopes of the human soul. In a word, we have the great secret of life committed to our charge, and we have the command of God to effect the regeneration of the race by its miraculous power.

Now it is evident that the reason why we fail to regenerate society is not because we have not the power; neither is it because we have not the opportunity. Therefore it must be either because we have not the will, or because we have not the energy.

There is no doubt that all Christians have a desire for the conversion of the world to Christ. In a certain small way we are all working for that result. It amounts to something in this direction even for a man when divinely aided to regenerate himself. We all pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" and all contribute a few mites, now and then, in aid of missionary and reformatory work. We all countenance and support by our quiet and dignified approval such work, for instance, as is done by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, or by the various organizations which labor among the degraded classes in our large cities. No; it cannot be said that Christians, as a body, have not the will, the desire, for the salvation of society, for the conversion of the world to Christ.

The reason for which we are seeking lies just a step farther on. We have the sanction, we have the power, we have the means, we have the will—but, alas! we have not the energy for the salvation of modern society. The trouble is simply a lack of moral dynamics. And the fault lies at the door of the individual. It is simply because, as a body, we Christians do not take hold of this work of regeneration society, that so large a part of the world remains depraved, materialized, degraded. We send a handful of reapers, here and there, into this boundless harvest-field, already over-ripe and bending to the sickle, and as they cut a narrow strip from the edges, or bind a few sheaves in some convenient corner, we lift up our hands and bless them, and go our ways, each to his private reaping and gathering of the things that perish. Why are we not all reapers in the great harvest-field of the Lord? Who or what has excused us from putting our sickles into the wheat? One year of concerted reaping on the part of Christians would do more toward gathering this mighty harvest of human souls than has been done by the few faithful ones since the church of Christ was organized on earth. Does it seem possible that, when we know that concerted, faithful work on the part of all the servants of Christ would surely and speedily bring about the coming of that kingdom for which we pray—does it seem possible that we should still delay as individuals to make that choice, to put forth that effort, which would evangelize the race?

Yet we do delay and we do refuse to do that personal work for Christ to which we are called. It is simply a lack of energy. We cannot bring ourselves quite to the point of action. We pray for, we exhort, we encourage, we applaud those who are trying to do some direct, practical reformatory work. We are glad to see others reaping their little patch of the great harvest-field. It does us good to see the sheaves coming home—one in a million; but we cannot quite persuade ourselves to sharpen our own sickles and reap while we have the opportunity. It is the old, besetting sin of procrastination and indecision. Some time, we say, we may have better opportunities. We will wait; and besides, one more reaper would not make much difference in the grand harvest home.

Lack of energy—individual energy—on the part of Christians—that is why the world is not converted to Christ in these latter days. Too many of us are trying to get to heaven on "flowery beds of ease." Too few of us realize that the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," applies to each and every one of His disciples. It is not the delegated few, the elect enthusiasts, who are going to save the world from materialism, from vice, from unbelief, from social misery. When that salvation comes, it must come through the united effort of Christians everywhere and in all stations of life. The millionaire must work side by side with the mechanic, and the great scholar must be willing to touch elbows with the most illiterate worker in the slums.

Concerted energy—that is what is needed to regenerate society, to convert the world to Christ. Shall we look for it in the church of Christ, or will that church let the world go down to destruction, so long as she herself ascends with unspotted robes and exhaling the odor of sanctity?

FROM OUR MAIL.

Dr. Mendonhall writes that he thinks we carry wrong inference in our recent criticism touching his declarations and attitude towards Prof. Fisher. As we certainly did not intend to misrepresent him, we make place for his entire statement:

"In your article you make it appear that some one has included Prof. Fisher of Yale among the rationalists, and the inference would be that I did it. I never have mentioned Prof. Fisher, nor supposed that he was tainted in the least, by any statements or attitude towards me. I do not regard him as a heretic, but as a man to whom I am indebted for many of the things I have written. I do not think of him as ever having implicated the Professor in the error of higher criticism, though on that account he should not be regarded as a close-knuckled thinker and theologian."

Bishop Fowler favors us with a kind word of explanation and inspiration:—"My attention has been called to some suggestions in your paper concerning my article on the subject of the 'New York Letter.' Allow me simply to answer your questions concerning the men in Italy as our representatives. Nothing that I wrote was intended to cast any ambiguity upon their methods, or spirit, or work. It was intended to declare that this kind of work must be backed. I regard the presiding elder, Rev. Wm. Burt, as one of the best and ablest men in all our fields. I must heartily approve of his plans and work. He is doing a thoroughly Methodist work. All the nation does not save sinners, and I do not think of him as a heretic. I can think of no way to insure such results. It is not pushing. We must send more men and secure good school accommodations. May God give us the means and wisdom!"

There has come to hand indirectly a letter written by one of our ministerial brethren to his intimate friend and brother in the ministry, Rev. H. F. Austin, who was known to be in his last illness. The letter is such a model of affectionate and buoyant consolation that we give it to our readers:—"My dear brother: I have just learned that, having passed the time of your journey here as a faithful ambassador of Jesus Christ, you are already on your way to the Fatherland. Well, the passage will be delightful—fair skies, a smooth sea and favoring winds; or, if there be storms and billows, the good ship will cut them and make its port. But why do you go first and leave the rest of us behind? However, I congratulate you on the privilege of going, and on the high fortune which on your arrival on the other side, awaits you. I had hoped, ere you set sail, to see you and talk over matters; but now we have to wait until you return. Oh, if, when we go, we could as friends and families, all go together, how glorious would be the passage; but we cannot; the Supreme Providence orders otherwise, and the best of that Providence are the best. As the signal-bell rings, and you part company with your loved ones, may the final farewell be full of the whispering of the angels, and the soft undertones of trust and triumph! I shall and farewell, my old-time friend and brother, until we meet 'beyond the flood.'"

Y. M. S.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Durbin said that "ought" was the strongest word in the English language.

Rev. E. A. Manning and wife sailed from New York, on steamer "Cherokee," Sept. 27, on their way to Florida.

Chaplain Lewis N. Bessbury is now laboring with the French people in Worcester, Mass., with much success.

Everett O. Fisk sails to-day on the "City of Paris" from New York for a tour of three months in Great Britain and on the Continent.

And now Rev. Minot Savage is going to Japan to do missionary work. What a sacrifice upon the real genius and purpose of Christian missions!

Rev. H. E. Benoit, of Woonsocket, R. I., has closed his tent meetings. He hopes to be able to organize a French society that will be composed of all his converts.

Rev. I. Villars, D. D., who has served McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill., as president for the last three years, has resigned to resume his ministry in the pastorate.

Scarcely a mail is examined that we do not find letters still addressed to our beloved and revered predecessor, the late Dr. Bradford K. Peck. It is a sad reminder.

Rev. W. A. Wright, of Pasadena, Cal., has been elected professor of historical theology in Macalester Theological School, St. Paul, and has removed to the latter place.

"If there is one thing certain about the future of the world," says Dr. Marcus Dods, "it is that righteousness and truth will prevail. The world is bound to come to the feet of Christ."

Dr. Wm. R. Harper, editor of the *Old and New Testament Student*, and principal of the well-known "Summer School of Hebrew," will soon prepare an article especially for our columns.

Dr. Pentecost gives another year to gospel work in Scotland. He is better adapted to Scotland than to America, from the staple of his preaching, and we should not be surprised if he ultimately settled in that land.

The able and impressive address delivered by Dr. J. W. Hamilton at the convention of the Society of Christian Endeavor at Saratoga, on "Christian Young People and Temperance," is printed in elegant pamphlet form.

We are pained to learn that Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D., is suffering from acute inflammation of the eyes, and fears that he will not be able to make the much-coveted tour in Palestine. When last heard from, he was in Switzerland.

Chaplain McCabe has a remarkable article in the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, published in Portland, Oregon, under date of Sept. 18, in reply to Lieut. Wood's statements concerning the missionary work of the Christian Church in China and Corea.

The many and interested friends of Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., of the First Baptist Church of Concord, N. H., will be glad to learn that he has returned to his home in that city in greatly improved health. Dr. Crane is highly esteemed by all denominations in New Hampshire.

"I believe it is about my conduct, not my views, God will ask me in the day of judgment," Mrs. Ormiston Chant writes, in summing up her religious views for the information of a friend. "I believe," she continues, "Christ came to show me what my conduct is to be, and why."

—A few weeks ago Rev. J. P. D. John, D. D., one of the professors of DuPauw University, Greenfield, Ind., was elected acting president in place of Dr. Alexander Martin who resigned at the Commencement in June. Dr. John has now been elected president, much to the gratification of the friends of DuPauw.

—Dr. Parker has completed the twentieth year of his pastorate at the City Temple, London. Few ministers of note make such varied impressions upon different hearers. Those who hear him are either greatly pleased or displeased, and as often the latter as the former. He is a man of genius, with all its concomitant eccentricities.

—Rev. J. R. Shannon and wife, of the Central Conference, have taken apartments at No. 20 Union Park, Boston. Mr. Shannon, because of insomnia, has been ordered by his physicians at Clifton Springs Sanitarium, N. Y. (where for three months the past summer he was under treatment), to give up all work for the present.

—The Springfield Republican printed entire the recent address which Dr. William Rice delivered upon the life and services of George Bliss of that city, saying in editorial comment: "It will do the young men of this community, and every other, good to read Dr. Rice's address on George Bliss delivered at the Church of the Unity yesterday."

—Dr. A. B. Leonard, in commencing an address to the Oregon Conference, signed by Rev. Albert Gould for the committee. This appeal should move all to much more generous giving for this most imperative benevolence.

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The Family.

THE BROTHER'S MESSAGE.

BY H. T. HOLLANDS.

[An old legend tells us that a robin carried a drop of water in its bill and sprinkled the dying Saviour's parched lips. The sacred blood dripped from the wounds, and left its mark on the bird's breast.]

Where the woodbine's green tendrils creep low o'er the pathway,
And breezes waft fragrance from hemlock and pine,
Where feathery ferns skirt the red-fruited sumac,
And bittersweet tangles the old oaks entwine,—

They made her a bed. Ah! 'twas deep and so narrow,
They lined the dank walls with green leaves and gay bloom;
They lowered her gently, down, down, to the darkness—

O God! must she sleep there alone in the gloom?
Above, on a bough of a wide-spreading maple,
A blood-sprinkled bird sang a joyous refrain:
"He's risen! He's risen! Our Saviour has risen!"
He's risen! He's risen! He's risen! He's risen!

He's risen! He's risen! He's risen! He's risen!
He's risen! He's risen! He's risen! He's risen!

We covered her over with lilies and roses,
And left her asleep in that deep narrow bed,
Where the robin was singing, "He's risen! He's risen!"
On the boughs of the maple that drooped overhead.

LOVE AND DEATH.

[The editor of the *Christian Advocate*, being in Detroit, Mich., July 3, attended the funeral of Reuben Robinson, a layman of the Central Church, and there heard Rev. William S. Stedley, D. D., the former pastor of the church, who said that Dr. Robinson, the present pastor, in the service, read an exhortation, entitled "Love and Death." On being asked for them for publication, Dr. Stedley was informed that the lines were written by Mrs. Jane T. H. Cross, and Dr. Stedley added: "I confess that I do not know who the lady is. I picked up the lines and read them in my pocket-book for fifteen years or more.]

"Tis all a whirl, a dizzy whorl,
And men and women come and go;
'Tis thus when I was but a girl—
Now years have sent their flitting feet
Upon the locks that erst were brown;
And still I sit about the town
The eager faces; and the street
Is thronged still with busy feet.

I hear the sound, I hear the rush,
The tramping, the pling o'er and o'er;
A pain for steps that come no more;
I listen still to that coming roar;
My own glad foot prepared to spring,
To greet, as they approach the door,
The blessed as yet to come no more.

But men and boys go in and out,
And merrily the world goes on;
I listen midst the joyous rout,
To catch the voices that are gone;
I go about the household cares,
See how the dog or kitten fares,
I sweep the rug or make the bed,
Still thinking—thinking of the dead.

And they? Do they, amid the host
That throng along the golden street,
A moment pause—in memory lost—
And listen for our coming feet?
While angels all around rejoice,
Remember they our earthy voice?
Oh, can those weary gates above
Shut out from them our yearning love?

Or do they sometimes sit apart,
And ponder on the precious past?
Remember they, with loving heart,
That trembling knee and tearful last?
They cannot sure forget its thrill;
Its presence lingers round them still,
For 'twas a soul—'twas not a breath—
And Love is mightier than Death!

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

There must be brain-service, hand-service, foot-service, purse-service, as well as lip-service, if we would see the answer to our prayers.—*Studley.*

Our wild and terrible guest, Trouble, brings for us, if we will accept it, the boon of fortitude, patience, self-control, wisdom, sympathy, faith. If we reject it, then we find our hands the other gift—cowardice, weakness, isolation, despair. If your trouble seems to have in it no other possibility of good, at least set yourself to bear it like a man. Let none of its weight come into other shoulders. Try to carry it so that none shall even see. Though your heart be sad within, let cheer go out from you to others. Meet them with a kindly presence, considerate words, hopeful acts.—*G. S. Merriam.*

It will not last long. Your day, my day, the world's day, the day of opportunity, the day of grace, the day of salvation—all days are swiftly passing away; and the great day, the last day, will surely and speedily come. Now there is opportunity for us to work, by and by the time will be past. While it is day we may work the work of God, and do what He has commanded us; but if we idle this present opportunity away, it will never return, and the neglect of to-day may never be repaired. To-morrow will bring the work for to-morrow, and every day and every year will bring its appropriate duties. Let the work of to-day be done to-day, and then we may calmly await the coming of the morrow. If the morrow shall ever come.—*The Christian.*

Never further than Thy cross;
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dress;
Here earth's better things grow sweet.

Giving thus our sins we see,
Learn Thy love and grace thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

That march in August was only one wide stretch of uninteresting green, through which slightly flowered the cress. But in the latter part of autumn, what a brightening of the tints, as if a hidden and smoldering fire had broken through to the surface! There are patches of scarlet, clumps of crimson, varied by vivid wood-shades just ready to burn, all this brightness dying down at the right to an ashy gray. You can now track those blackish crevices by their banks of yellow sedge, and through such borders of gold they bend in and out till they reach the blue sea. "It takes a hard frost to do this," says a spectator. "Whatever will bring the work for to-morrow, and every day and every year will bring its appropriate duties. Let the work of to-day be done to-day, and then we may calmly await the coming of the morrow. If the morrow shall ever come.—*The Christian.*

In the spiritual life, there is not a duller fact? We are disappointed in temporal plans, we are chilled by some sorrow, only the dying vines of hope lie heaped on the ground. But toward God there is not a kindling of affection? The glories of another world brighten before our eyes, and is not character beautified? Is not interest in God's work more ready to flame out? Autumn-time down among our hopes and plans, but glory-time on the summits of Christian character.—*Sunday School Journal.*

The visit of our dear Master to this world was mainly for the purpose of proving to us how everything here is transitory, unstable, fleeting, and fading away; and yet, in taking away our material support, He did not leave us trembling in agony and floating on nothing. Oh, no! for He pointed to the unchanging God, taught us about Himself as the Rock of Ages, lifted His eyes toward heaven as the sure and immovable home, referred to

the undying soul, celestial joys, and anending glories that no earthquake could overthrow, no time destroy, and no wickedness undermine; and He virtually said: Nothing is sure here, but everything is sure hereafter. All things are chaotic in the flesh; but all things are orderly, beautiful, sublime, and permanent in the spirit form. There are no to-morrows upon the earth, but there is an eternal to-morrow in heaven. He constantly told us not to lay up for ourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust would corrupt, but in heaven, where neither moth or rust could corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. He always represented life as a trust, a discipline, and an achievement, but also as something transient and as something that must be changed or merged or promoted into a state of being higher, holier, stronger, more brilliant, and really everlasting. He never for a moment flattered our longing for the perpetuity of time; but He frankly told us that the Master would come for us in an hour when we should be the least expecting it. "Watch!" was His great trumpet-word. "Put on the wedding garment," was His main and earnest entreaty, and "Come unto Me, His grand and perpetual appeal.—*Rev. C. D. Briggs.*

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., is so well known all over the world as the "sweet hymn-writer," that to mention his name is to create an interest. His death has brought tears to the eyes of an immense circle of friends, many of whom differed from him in theological beliefs, but whose souls were uplifted by the inspiring sentiments of his sacred songs.

He was ordained a minister of the Established Church of Scotland over fifty years ago, but at the disruption came out with the "Free Church." One who was present at his ordination speaks of him as "a young man of deep piety, a ripe scholar, a well-instructed theologian, and a devoted evangelist." Dr. Bonar came of a good family; one of his ancestors was a minister of "Maybole," and fought side by side with Henderson in his struggle against prelacy, and another, John Bonar, was one of the twelve in the "Narrow Controversy." His father was second solicitor for excise in Scotland, and the author of several important philological treatises. As a student in the Divinity Hall he soon attracted the attention of his professor, Dr. Chalmers. His classmates, Robert McChyne and William Broms, remained his fast friends as long as they lived.

He began his ministry with a burning desire to save souls. He was the more in earnest since with his brothers, Dr. Andrew and John Bonar, he was a strong believer in the pre-millennial advent of Christ. During the six years in which I sat under his ministry, he never failed either in prayer or sermon to speak of "Christ's Second Coming." He was a man of prayer, spending hours, and even whole nights, on his knees. As a result, he rarely preached without some soul being awakened to its need of salvation. In these early days of his ministry God gave him souls who afterwards became a power in the world. Several became ministers, others noted missionaries to foreign lands. The year 1841 was a time of richest blessing in Kelso. The Doctor's brothers, Milne of Perth and R. Murray McChyne assisted him in his evangelistic work. A great revival followed their efforts. For nearly thirty years Dr. Bonar labored in Kelso, and scarcely a week passed but there was added to the church "such as should be saved." His people were earnest workers for their Master. Under their pastor's supervision the town was divided into districts, each district having a lay visitor whose duty it was to distribute tracts and find out the needs of the people, reporting the same to their minister. This work is kept up to this day.

Dr. Bonar was intensely interested in young men, and for twenty-eight years preached them a special sermon the last night of the year. His sympathy and advice guided many a young man into a safe path in life. He was also very much interested in children; never passing them without a smile and pleasant word of recognition. For them he wrote some of his sweetest hymns. The first was, "I was a wandering sheep;" the second, "I lay my sins on Jesus;" and the third, "A few more years shall roll." He had a habit of giving his friends a New Year's motto. The last one sent to me, for 1873, was the Scripture, "Commit thy way unto the Lord and He shall bring it to pass. Trust also in Him, and He shall give you the desire of your heart." The Doctor was generous to a fault, doing many kind acts for the Roman Catholics. One bigoted Romanist in the town said that "if any Protestant should be permitted to enter heaven, it would certainly be Dr. Bonar." His manner in the pulpit was ever earnest, sometimes grandly eloquent, and when speaking of the second coming of the "King of Glory," his voice would ring out in clarion tones. There were times when it seemed as if his face was radiant with a beauty not of earth, and sometimes on a winter afternoon in the old "North Church" I could imagine a "halo of glory" crowning his silvery locks. The Doctor possessed great self-control. At the close of his farewell sermon in Kelso, he repeated from beginning to end the hymn,—

"Only remembered by what I have done."

There was not a dry eye in the church, many sobbing aloud; yet the pastor stood pale, but calm, and without a quiver in his voice. It is well known that Dr. Bonar was a rigid Calvinist; but he was so much better than his creed, that we forget that and only remember his faithful ministry, his loving interest in our soul's salvation. He had not been long at the Grange, Edinburgh, before his church was packed to overflowing. There was never a Sunday in summer but notable from all parts of the world would be standing in the vestibule waiting for "Donald" to find them seats. Almost the last time I was there, thirteen ministers, most of them Americans, were waiting for seats. It was not his eloquent preaching that drew so many strangers to him, but his books. His hymns rank first. They were so popular from the first that some of them were at once translated into French and German. Some are to be found in all the languages of Europe, in Chinese, and some in several of the languages of India. His hymns have mostly been published in the collections, "Lyra Consolatoria," "Hymns of Faith and Hope," "Hymns of the Creation," and "Advent Hymns." His last poetical work, "My Old Letters," has gone through several editions. His prose works have been greatly blessed of God in the conversion of souls, especially his "Night of Weeping," and "God's Way of Peace." Scarcely a week passed but he would be in receipt of letters

from different parts of the globe telling him that some tract or book of his had led the readers to Christ. His other works are, "The Early Books of Genesis," "New Testament Epistles," "Truth and Error," etc., and lastly, "The White Fields of France," an account of the McAll Mission in Paris, with a biographical sketch of his son-in-law, Rev. Theophilus Dods, who was colleague of Mr. McAll.

Among the many who will gratefully remember Dr. Bonar, none have more reason than the writer of this sketch. I was converted under his ministry, received into the church by him, married by him in his own house at the Grange, and our eldest boy was baptized by him.

Orono, Me.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Twenty thousand copies of Frances E. Willard's "Glimpses of Fifty Years" were sold during the first four weeks after publication.

Miss Ferguson, a graduate of Mount Holyoke, went to Wellington, in the western province of C. P. Colony, fifteen years ago, to found a school for girls. The result of her work is Huguenot Seminary, with a corps of nineteen teachers, mostly Americans, with 225 pupils in attendance.

Stelka Gerster, whose beautiful voice remains a joyful memory to all who have listened to her songs, has lost the strength and beauty of her voice. It is believed that she will never recover it. She lives in seclusion in a castle situated on the summit of a mountain above and near the handsome city of Bologna, Italy. She devotes herself to her children, superintends their education, and she reads and sews.

The young lady students of the State University of Nevada, at Reno, have adopted uniforms of navy blue flannel, and they challenge the young lady students of any other institution to produce a more hygienic dress than theirs. The young ladies are drilled for half an hour each day in military exercises.

A novel organization is formed by the wives of the pastors in the Nebraska Methodist Episcopal Conference. It is the "Ladies' Itinerant Association," and its purpose is to counsel together at the time of the Annual Conferences concerning the manifold duties devolving on the wives of ministers, and their share in the work of the church, both social and charitable.

Miss Mary L. Seymour, editor of the *Business Women's Journal*, advises business women to wear a dress with seven pockets. Four of these are in the vest, one for the watch, one for a pencil, two for tickets and small change. Under one of the panels on the right side is a long pocket for the purse and handkerchief. Two pockets for memorandum book and card-case are tucked away among the draperies behind. When Miss Seymour has another dress made, she proposes to add an eighth pocket on the left side for keys and miscellaneous belongings.

The recent appointment of Miss Joanna Baker to the chair of Greek at Simpson College, Iowa, is a significant fact as showing the progress of woman since it was first permitted to her to acquire the alphabet. Miss Baker succeeds to the position filled by her father, Prof. O. H. Baker, seventeen years ago, in the same institution. A beautiful career woman, in the flower of her youth, Miss Baker refutes the notion that there is a quarrel between health and early scholarship, since at four she began Greek and Latin, at eight read the *Anabasis*, at fourteen completed a lexicon of S. Phocles' "Eclipses Tyrannus," and at sixteen was a tutor of Greek in the college which now claims her as its professor in that honored toge.—*Bacon.*

Mr. Wm. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, being asked whether women would probably do important work on the newspaper of the future, said: "Women in the future will take a more important part in everything. In the lower callings of life—where there is the carrying of heavy weights and sort of thing to be done—we see very little difference made between the sexes. It is only in the higher callings, where there is better pay, that the difference comes in and women are barred out."

A STRAY ARROW.

THIRTY years ago or more Mr. Spurgeon was invited to preach in the vest Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Would his voice fill the immense area? Resolving to test it, he went in the morning to the palace, and, thinking for a passage of Scripture to repeat, his, as he reached the stage, came into his mind: "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words he felt sure that he would be easily heard, and then repeated the verse in a softer tone.

More than a quarter of a century later Mr. Spurgeon's brother, who is also a pastor, was called to the bedside of a man, an artisan, who was near his end.

"Are you ready?" asked the pastor.

"Oh, yes," answered the dying man with assurance.

"Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?"

"It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope. All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven which said, 'It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' By the meaning of these words I was convinced of sin. Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour. I accepted Him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served Him ever since."

God honors His word. Suppose Mr. Spurgeon had used a secular science to try his voice! What surprises await the faithful when results are known!—*Presbyterian.*

QUEEN VICTORIA AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BY MRS. ORND NICKERSON.

I CITE these names together because of their similar and strong views in regard to the doctrine of expediency.

The following utterance of the latter, some years since, had a strong fascination for me, which has never decreased, but rather strengthened, especially in these days of political jugglery and moral quibbling: "Take your part with the perfect and abstract right, and trust God to see that it shall prove the expedient." Would that those who may be on the borders of decision with regard to their future political course, might make these words their key-note! They are worthy to be written in letters of gold. None adopting them could go far astray.

Queen Victoria declared herself unequivocally on this subject. As we all know, the Queen had a mind of her own, even when a girl of eighteen she ascended the throne. She declined signing any document until she thoroughly understood its contents, and was satisfied. On one occasion, when the prime minister submitted an Act for her signature, and urged expediency, she stopped him, exclaiming: "I have been taught, my lord, to judge what is right and wrong, but expediency is a word which I neither wish to hear nor understand." The narrator says: "No wonder Lord Melbourne exclaimed after this that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen, for such uncompromising be-

havior in political matters was a thing almost unknown."

Would that the latter charge were not too true in our political day! It is refreshing to know there are men, good and true, who are willing to throw themselves out on the broad and eternal principle of right, and trust the Almighty for results.

But not alone in the political world is this course priceless. For all classes and all ages, in every department of life, it pays in the end large and solid investments.

South Harsiech.

A WORD ABOUT WORDS.

Ah me! these little tongues of ours, Are we half aware of their mighty powers? Do we ever trouble our heads at all? Where the just may strike, or the hint may fall? Will the stoutest of us, the least of us, be slow? The story that you must have heard "—

We jerk them away in our gossip rush, And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash. What fancies have been blazed and broken, What patient slings have been stirred, By a word in lightness spoken, By only an idle word!

A snare—a snare—a whisper low— They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow! Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave, They pierce the mail of the great and brave; Vain is the buckler of wisdom and pride To turn the pitiless point aside; The lip may curl with a careless smile, But the heart drops blood—drips blood the while.

Ah me! what hearts have been broken, What rivers of blood been stirred, By a word in malice spoken, By only a bitter word!

A kindly word and a tender tone— To only God is their virtue known! They can lift from the dust the subject dead, They can turn a foe to a friend instead; The heart close barred with passion and pride Will fling at their knock its portals wide, And the hate that blights and the scorn that scars Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.

What ice-bound griefs have been broken, What rivers of love been stirred, By a word in kindness spoken, By only a gentle word!

—Selected.

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

TWO gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:—

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she's a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street-car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch-basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic.

They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:—

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too!"

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that; would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think they ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face, and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie!" uttered with a gasp, caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, they were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and she needs flowers."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting her own handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? He is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:—

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it will do him good; he loves to be out in the open air. I'll be with you. But where is your lunch?"

You ought to have a lunch after a long ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss; we ought to, for Freddie's sake, but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—my brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she did not let the little ones con-fuse her. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:—

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:—

"It's 'cause she's beautiful, as well as her clothes."

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister with a heart full of gratitude following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat-carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing a comely lady; "and this," said the lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

And then he told his friends what he had seen and heard in the horse-car.—*New York Evangelist.*

FANCY WORK HINTS.

A Bunch of Sachets.

One strip of satin ribbon eight inches long and two and a half inches wide can be made into a fan-shaped bag by merely sewing up the two long sides, gathering with silk an inch from the top, and the spare inch made into fringe by pulling out the horizontal threads. Then the bag must be filled with cotton and sachet powder, and gathered close together and tied with very narrow ribbon. After the bow is made, three-quarters of a yard of the ribbon must be left to hang the dainty thing by, and it should have five or six companions of the same color, made in the same way, and then, when all are secured by the loose ends of the long ribbons, you have a set of deliciously perfumed sachets to hang on the back of a tall rocker. As you swing back and forth a mysterious perfume accompanies your movements and fills the room with fragrance.—*Harper's Young People.*

About Baskets.

Something quite new in the line of handkerchief and glove boxes are the light Japanese baskets with covers of dried-grass color. They are oblong, and come in different sizes and are very shallow. A good size is about ten inches long and six wide. A lining of wadding is basted in the bottom of the basket, heliotrope or violet sachet powder sprinkled over it, and the whole covered with a full lining of soft silk shirred around the top of the basket and tucked over in folds to the wadding beneath. The perfectly flat top of the basket, which fits down inside the basket, is wadded and lined in the same way, with the same or a contrasting color of soft silk. For instance, if the bottom of the basket is lined with peach blossom sash or India silk, the top may have a lining of white. Yellow and white make a lovely combination. When a combination of colors is chosen, the large flat bow on the top of the cover should be of the two colors of satin ribbon an inch and a half wide. These baskets, which may be ordered from the Japanese stores, are very light, and so flexible that they may be easily sewn.

A dainty basket should be placed in every guest chamber, well supplied with buttons, needles, thread, and tape. So many pretty baskets are manufactured and sold at such reasonable prices that in their purchase a very small amount of money is required. A circular basket about twenty inches in circumference and woven loosely is what is needed. Line the basket with soft silk of the color which predominates in the furnishings and decorations of the room. Make a number of little bags and fill them with the different articles. On the outside of each bag paint in gilt letters the names of the articles it contains. "Sachets," "White thread," "Black thread," "Tape," etc. Make two little square can-bions—one for pins, the other for needles—and tie them together with narrow ribbons. Trim the cover of the box with a white lace edge wide enough to reach from the rim of the cover to the centre. Sew the lace (a little full) around the cover and gather and draw together at the middle and fasten under a large bow of ribbon of the color of the lining of the basket.—*Our Youth.*

The Little Folks.

GOLDEN-HAIR.

BY MISS E. H. BACKUP.

A PLAIN, freckled-faced child with red hair—this was what strangers saw; but in her own home Edith Grant was the beloved Golden-Hair of the household. When a toddler-child her father had given her the name, in deference to the warm tint in her hair, and now that the tint had deepened until it was no longer golden, the sweet name still clung to her. It was at school that Edith first had the words "red hair" hurled at her in taunting reproach.

"I'm glad I haven't red hair," said ungenerous Lucy Jones one day; "if anything horrid I think it's red hair!"

"Why, my hair isn't red," said Edith, in open-eyed wonder; "papa calls me Golden-Hair!"

"Ha! ha! ha! that's a good joke," laughed Lucy, rudely; "just look at your hair and see if it looks anything like gold; it looks about as much like gold as those red bricks yonder!"

It was a rude awakening. It was in vain that Edith's father assured her that his hair was the color that artists admired, that the great Titian loved to paint, the words "red hair" seemed to her sensitive fancy to carry with them a measure of disgrace. Many things served to strengthen this morbid feeling. One day a rude boy at school pretended to warm his hands by holding them near her hair. Children are often thoughtlessly cruel in their treatment of one who is supposed to possess some personal defect. Alas! when they receive their first ungracious lessons in the home circle.

"She's homely enough to stop a clock!" said Mary Jones, Lucy's elder sister, referring to an acquaintance.

"And she's as good as she is homely," said a friend in response.

"Oh, when it comes to looks," Mary replied, "goodness is at a discount. Fan would do very well to live with if one were blind."

"He's the sickest-looking pill!" said Mary, on another occasion; "it gives me the shivers to meet him on the street, he's so atrociously plain."

And thus the changes were rung on hair and eyes and details of dress until Lucy naturally concluded that personal good looks and stylish clothing were of prime importance, and easily adopted her sister's unlvely habit of unkempt attire.

Edith was reared in a more kindly atmosphere, where good looks were valued, but not at the expense of moral worth; accordingly her morbid sensitiveness with regard to her hair did not work the harm it might otherwise have done.

"My dear," said her mother, "you can't change the color of your hair, unless indeed it should grow darker as you grow older!"

PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

We are favored with an unparalleled increase in our new list to date. Rev. Louis Albert Banks, of South Boston, sends his list to 100. Rev. W. P. O'Connell presents the Herald to his church last Sabbath and received 26 new names. Rev. E. C. Bass, D. D., of Taunton, forwards 25 new subscribers. Rev. A. McCord, of Attleboro, sends 31 new names. Rev. B. W. Hutchinson, of Providence, writes:—

"I enclose a list of new subscribers. I have found no difficulty in doubling the list for our church in all the four New England churches which I have served."

President D. C. Knowles, of Tilton, writes:—

"We find the Herald a live paper and full of excellent and profitable reading. It is laying hold of living questions in the right spirit."

Rev. Thomas Tyrie, of Lawrence, says:—

"I presented the Herald to my first class yesterday, to our people, and send a new subscription list of 25 names. We have a unusually large list for the size of the church (52), due largely to Bro. Parkhurst. I hope to increase it considerably. The Herald was never better than to day."

Gov. W. P. Dillingham and Rev. W. R. Davenport, visitors by election of the Vermont Conference to the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Association in December, write in a voluntary statement and appeal to their Conference to make a special effort to increase the list in that State. Among much else they are pleased to say:—

"Zion's Herald is pre-eminently the organ of New England Methodism. That gives more news from New England than all other religious papers combined, are facts so well known as to scarcely need restating. That this paper has steadily grown in interest and efficiency during the incumbency of the present editor is a truth patent to all its regular readers. That its prospectus for the coming year reveals a galaxy of writers surpassing in scope and number, the contributors of any previous year, is clearly evident to every friend of the paper. That its presence in every Methodist home within the bounds of the Conference would greatly strengthen the people in their devotion to the cause, must be readily admitted by all."

Sample copies will be gladly mailed to names furnished to publisher, or papers will be sent direct to the stationed minister for distribution, if preferred.

All who subscribe now will get the paper FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of subscription can be paid to the publisher in charge, or forwarded direct to the publishing office, by post-office order or bank check; or when these modes of sending are not available, the currency can be forwarded by mail at our risk.

A. S. WEED, Publisher, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, September 24.

—Eighteen inches of snow has fallen on Mt. Washington.

—A reunion of the old Abolitionists was held in Boston yesterday.

—A severe tornado occurred at Pablo Beach, Jacksonville, Fla., yesterday.

—The French elections resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Government.

—General Cameron thinks 600 houses near the recent landslide at Quebec are in danger.

—There is said to be a shortage of about \$50,000 in the Collector's office at Richmond, Va.

—Gladstone says the dockmen's strike is pregnant with hope for the future of labor in England.

—Failure of the mammoth publishing house of Belford, Clark & Co., Chicago. A receiver has been placed in charge.

—The Canadian Pacific is preparing to open a new lake and rail line between Chicago and the seaboard by way of Owens Sound.

—Dr. Barnard's estate, which goes to Columbia College, of which he was so long president, amounts to eighty thousand dollars. The widow is to have the income during her life.

Wednesday, September 25.

—The Sultan of Morocco orders the immediate release of the Spanish sailors.

—The new French Chamber of Deputies will be summoned to meet in November.

—Secretary Tracy will recommend the construction of ten more cruisers for the navy.

—The stockholders of the Douglas Axe Co. pay met yesterday and voted to go into insolvency.

—A suburban passenger train was run into at Chicago last night, killing five persons and seriously injuring six others.

—Colonel Switzer, chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, resigns at the request of Secretary Windom.

—Cardinal Maria Perocchi is mentioned as a likely successor of Leo XIII. He is about fifty six years old and a man of great ability and strong character.

—It is reported that the Emperor of China is considering the propriety of sending out of that country all Americans employed by Chinese and placing greater restrictions upon the presence of Americans in treaty ports.

Thursday, September 26.

—The jury in the Ives case, New York, disagree and are discharged.

—A terrific storm occurs at Naples. A large part of the city is submerged.

—The Army of the Tennessee held a reunion in Cincinnati. Gen. Sherman was present.

—A serious charge is brought against city officials at Quebec in connection with the landslide.

—The steamer "Emerald" arrives at Halifax with the survivors of the wrecked British ship "Lily."

—Ex-President Strong of the Atchafalaya & Santa Fe railway will become president of the Missouri Pacific.

—Miss Cook, the English poetess, died at Wimbledon, where she had lived in seclusion for many years.

—A large cave, sparkling with gold, silver and precious stones, has been discovered in the Lincoln Mine at San Pedro, N. M.

—The Movement Geographic re-asserts that Stanley has secured Emin Bey's services for the British East Africa Company.

—Several men were horribly burned last night at Carnegie's steel works in Braddock, Pa., by the bursting of a blast furnace.

—Letters from East Africa say that up to the end of August, Dr. Peters was at a standstill, owing to a lack of food supplies.

—Samuel L. Caldwell, D. D., LL. D., ex-president of Vassar College, died at Providence after a brief illness, aged sixty-nine years.

—The United States minister to Mexico goes to Washington to convince his government that Secretary Windom is injuring the American trade with Mexico.

—Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World will be one of twenty-five persons to subscribe \$100,000 for a guarantee fund of \$2,500,000 for the World's Fair in New York.

—The Governor of Michigan has surrendered to the United States the unearned lands granted the State by act of Congress in 1856 for certain railways in the upper peninsula, amounting to about 200,000 acres.

—The Russian Government has ordered the completion of a network of railways to the German frontier, which will enable the Czar to mass troops there on short notice; 300 locomotives have been ordered for delivery in May.

—The officers of the United States ship "Enterprise" have been hospitably entertained by the Duke of Argyll at his castle at Inverary, Scotland. The "Enterprise" is the first foreign warship that ever sailed up the waters of Loch Tay.

—An extensive strike of dock laborers has begun at Rotterdam. The strikers demand an increase of 25 per cent. and a higher rate for overtime. The strike began by 2,000 lightermen stopping work. Later the strike became general. The Socialists have promised to assist the strikers. So far there has been no serious disorder.

Saturday, September 28.

—The King of Wurtemberg is suffering from gastric fever.

—Destructive forest fires are reported in some portions of California.

—Chicago ladies are making war on the gambling dens of that city.

—A new bank is to be established in the City of Mexico, with a capital of \$20,000,000.

—The steamer "Providence" was run into on Thursday night by a schooner and badly damaged.

—Five persons were drowned yesterday afternoon by the upsetting of a boat on South Wallops Pond, Fall River.

—A serious disaster occurred on the New York Central Railway near the Palestine Bridge. Four persons are known to have been killed.

—A remarkable railway journey has been planned for the Representatives of American nations now on a visit to the United States. They will leave Washington next Thursday, and travel 42 days, a distance of 5,400 miles.

Monday, September 30.

—There was a million dollar fire yesterday at Butte City, Montana.

—The Spanish sailors captured by Rifians off Morocco have been released.

—Six deaths have thus far resulted from the collision on the Hudson River Road.

—The First Church of Christ in Quincy celebrated its 250th anniversary yesterday.

—Chief Justice Peters of Maine is suffering from catarrh of the eye, but does not contemplate resigning.

—Ex-Queen Natalie arrived at Belgrade yesterday. Her presence was totally ignored by the Government officials, but she was received most enthusiastically by the crowd that thronged the streets through which she passed.

—A cablegram was received Saturday by L. Prang & Co., lithographers, informing them that they had been awarded the first prize, a gold medal, at the Paris Exposition, for reproductions of water color studies and holiday books.

—Robert P. Halliday, the defaulting Cashier of the First National Bank of Mount Gilead, O., who has been in hiding for the past four weeks, surrendered himself to the United States authorities at Columbus on Sunday. He is charged with embezzling \$30,000.

THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 5.)

"that that disciple should not die," as his language was construed to mean?

Several churches have been visited since the date of the last items given, and in each case there were encouraging signs of success.

At Wardsboro, Bro. Walter and his excellent wife are both hopelessly working their field with commendable zeal and with some success.

They would be glad to attain unto a larger success, and if it be true that "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him," we shall expect these toilers will yet reap a more abundant harvest.

It is at Wardsboro, as some of the Herald readers will remember, that our venerable Father Wells resides. He is still able to attend the church services, and gets out to some of the evening meetings. Retaining his interest in all the work of the church, and regularly reading the church papers, he is still an interesting conversationalist upon these subjects.

He is a prohibitionist, but not of the fanatical kind. Being strong "in the faith once [and] that is a long time ago" delivered unto a [Republican] saint, he is still expecting to see prohibition win through the agency of the G. O. P. I have read of a faith which "laughs at impossibilities, and cries it shall be done," but whether Father Wells' faith, or the Messrs. Quay, Slade and Surook of the Republican house, will prove the stronger, is to those who have an open question, except to those whose faith rises to the sublime audacity of this venerable man.

At South Londonderry, where the faithful labor of Pastor Bryant, there is an increased interest in the services of the church, and also in the matter of personal salvation, especially among the young people. Young people's meetings are held regularly each week, are well attended, and bring forth fruit to the Master's praise. This charge has a few faithful workers among the younger membership.

At Weston and Londgrov, where our young brother, D. C. Thatcher, is the faithful and zealous pastor, "there is also a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." The congregations have greatly increased; church members have been quickened; a few have obtained, as they believe, a clean heart; and other few have been converted. At the quarterly meeting services recently held, an excellent low-voiced preaching service, with some forty or more persons present, most of whom needed no urging to take part by furnishing a testimony. The services were greatly blessed throughout, and if the writer is capable of discovering "the signs of the times," they proclaim the present as a day of gracious opportunity for this charge. Not always, however, have those most concerned been able to rise to an appreciation of their magnificent opportunity. Yet do we most devoutly wish that the members of this parish may have given unto this their great wisdom, and especially those who have the largest influence.

M.

St. Albans District.

Within a few weeks Methodism in this district has suffered the loss, by death, of two well-known members—the first being John J. Towle, in the 68th year of his age. For over fifty years Bro. Towle had been a member of the church, during the last years of his life a member of the church at Enosburg Falls. Possessing a good business education, excellent judgment and executive ability, in both church and town he was honored with important offices. As a class leader and teacher in Sunday-school he had but few equals. The other person was long and universally known within a radius of twenty-five miles around St. Albans as "Aunt Lydia Thompson." At

the ripe age of 76 and a half years, she peacefully and triumphantly ended the conflict and entered into rest. Many a preacher on this district has been made a happier and a nobler Christian man and minister by his acquaintance with "Aunt Lydia," which led him to linger in her presence for the hallowed influence springing from her devoted and saintly life. She was buried from the home of her son, Bro. Sherburn officiating.

Messrs. L. P. Hollander & Co's announcements are always of interest to the ladies, and their references in another column to autumn and winter garments will repay perusal. No house presents more entirely reliable styles, and the uniform beauty of textures and novelty of designs are a delight to all.

MEASURES. L. P. HOLLANDER & CO'S ANNOUNCEMENTS ARE ALWAYS OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES, AND THEIR REFERENCES IN ANOTHER COLUMN TO AUTUMN AND WINTER GARMENTS WILL REPLY PERUSAL. NO HOUSE PRESENTS MORE ENTIRELY RELIABLE STYLES, AND THE UNIFORM BEAUTY OF TEXTURES AND NOVELTY OF DESIGNS ARE A DELIGHT TO ALL.

LEAVENING POWER

Of the various Baking Powders illustrated from actual tests.

ROYAL (Pure) GRANTS' (Alum) RUMFORD'S (fresh) HANFORD'S (when fresh) CHARM (Alum Powder) DAVIS' and O. K. (Alum) CLEVELAND'S PIONEER (San Francisco) CEAR SNOW FLAKE (Graft's) JONGRESS HECKEN'S HANFORD'S (None Such), when not fresh. PEARL (Andrews & Co.) RUMFORD'S (Phosphate), when not fresh.

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"The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances."—EDWARD G. LOVE, Ph.D.

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."

"HENRY A. MOTT, M. D., Ph. D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is pure in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge."

"WM. McMURTRY, Ph. D."

"All Alum baking powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous. Phosphate powders liberate their gas too freely, or under climatic changes suffer deterioration."

S. S. P. & Co.

BEWARE

OF

New Spring Wheat FLOURS,

Which are not likely to work well before December.

The crop of 1889 is no doubt a magnificent one, and the quality of Spring Wheat promises to be exceptional—fine, but until it is thoroughly seasoned it will not make good Bread Flour.

We are still able to offer Swans Down FLOUR,

MADE ENTIRELY OF 1887 WHEAT,

AT—\$7 00 per bbl.

And cannot doubt that, to the discriminating consumer, this Flour is worth at least one dollar per barrel more than any Spring Wheat Flour made from 1888 or 1889 wheat.

PILLSBURY, ARCHIBALD, WASHBURN,

\$6.50 per bbl.

S. S. PIERCE & CO.,

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Are digestive tablets, put up in elegant and convenient boxes. They are carefully compounded from a prescription, the result of years of study and experiment, by a great London physician. They instantly relieve acid stomach, heartburn, or any other form of indigestion, and by persistence in their use the chronic case can be absolutely cured.

For every ill that afflicts humanity. For gastric troubles, indigestion, heartburn, or any other form of indigestion, and by persistence in their use the chronic case can be absolutely cured.

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L. P. HOLLANDER & CO. READY-MADE DEPARTMENT.

We are now prepared to show our Complete Line of Ladies' Outside Garments,

THE VERY LATEST DESIGNS IN JACKETS, ULSTERS, LONG AND SHORT FRENCH WRAPS, FRENCH JERSEY WAISTS, ETC.,

INCLUDING Special AUTUMN WEIGHT GARMENTS, for Street and Traveling Purposes.

Also a large assortment of exclusively WINTER GOODS, PLAIN AND FUR TRIMMED, for Street, Dress and Evening wear.

WE FEEL THAT THE COLLECTION IS UNRIVALED FOR Novelty of Design, Beauty of Textures Employed, and General Adaptability to the Requirements of our New England Climate.

82 AND 83 BOYLSTON STREET AND PARK SQUARE, BOSTON.

A New Board.

It is astonishing how many old style out-of-fashion Side-birds are still in use. Do their owners realize how sadly out of date they are? Many a man has rescued his dining room from the tyranny of a creaking table, but left it still under the ban of a wretched Side-board.

The taste of the age is rather epicurean than a cetic, and the Side-board should be the monarch of the whole dining-room empire.

The style we show to-day is richly carved in quartered oak. We have made a limited number of these, and we shall sell them at the low price of \$40. Early application is imperative.

We are now mailing our new Catalogue (256 pages, 300 engravings) to any applicant on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

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South Side Boston (48 CANAL ST. and Maine Depot.)

Shepard, Norwell & Co.

Dress Goods

DEPARTMENT.

A BARCAIN.

150 French Broche Robes, latest Paris styles, will be sold at

\$8.75.

Actual value \$11.00.

Latest Novelty.

150 Handkerchief Robes, the Paris fashion, just received by last steamer, will be sold at

\$12.00 PER ROBE.

100 pcs. All-Wool French Plaids, in Scotch Clans and other elegant styles, at only

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35 pcs. All-Wool French Cashmires, 48 inches wide, and 100 pcs. French All-Wool Stripes, 46 inches wide, a real bargain, at

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60 pcs. All-Wool Henrietta, Finished Cashmires, 46 inches wide, splendid value, only

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THE VERY BEST Church Light. OIL GAS OR ELECTRIC.

Over one hundred styles of Reflectors and Reflector Chandeliers for every conceivable use. Catalogues free. Please state wants.

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THOMAS W. SILLOWAY.

Over 30 years' experience in remodeling churches, schools, homes, and all the valuable parts of an edifice, and for a comparatively small outlay produce a building preferable in most respects to a new one of much greater cost. He proposes to continue this work as a specialty, and tenders his services to committees who would prefer the economy, and where the means are limited. A visit to the premises will be made, and an explanation and advice given, on receipt of a letter so requested.

44 Washington Street.

F. M. Holmes Furniture Co.

Have just received several large shipments from the best makers East and West, comprising more than 400 of the very latest styles in the various departments, made especially for this season's trade. Visitors as well as purchasers always welcome.

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44 Washington Street.

FALL SEASON. Messrs. Springer Bros. are now prepared to show a rich and varied assortment of New Ladies' Cloaks for Street Wear, Carriage, Railway, and Ocean Travel, for the Opera and other dress occasions. Latest and choicest European styles and novelties, and elegant garments of SPRINGER BROTHERS' OWN CELEBRATED MAKE.

SPRINGER BROTHERS, Retail and Custom Department, AT WHOLESALE BUILDING, Corners Chauncy St., Essex St. and Harrison Ave. Carriage Entrance, 50 Essex St. BOSTON.

NEW BRANCH STORE, 500 WASHINGTON ST., CORNER OF BEDFORD ST. Carriages, 10 & 12 Bedford St.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS BRIGHT ARRAY

WANTING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SONGS, GET By Mrs. LOWRY & DOANE. JUST ISSUED, NEW HYMNS AND TUNES UNEQUALLED. 76 East Ninth Street, NEW YORK. BICLOW & MAIN, 81 Randolph Street, CHICAGO.

The United States Savings Bank, (INCORPORATED) TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Authorized Capital, \$500,000. Paid in Capital, \$261,000

5% ONE YEAR CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT. 6% and 7% FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS, PAYMENT GUARANTEED. \$250 Partial Payment, 3 Year, Savings Certificates of Deposit.

By paying the small sum of \$10.00 QUARTERLY, for 3 years (12 payments) a holder will receive \$250, upon return of Certificate, and partial payment receipts. Payments can be made either quarterly, semi-annually or annually.

SEND FOR PAMPHLET GIVING FULL INFORMATION.

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